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CONTENTS, VOL. IV., NO. IX, DECEMBER, 1849.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| I. Self-Reliance..... | 277 |
| II. Sonnet..... | 287 |
| III. The Widow to the Bride..... | 288 |
| IV. Characteristics of Woman..... | 289 |
| V. "I wait for Thee"..... | 299 |
| VI. Household Sketches—No. III..... | 301 |
| VII. Resignation..... | 304 |
| VIII. The Hotel de Ville—Paris..... | 305 |
| IX. Music—Never give up..... | 307 |

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SELF RELIANCE.

BY J. H. MARTYN.

SELF-RELIANCE is that confidence in our own powers which leads its possessor to depend chiefly upon his own efforts for support, and under the guidance of divine Providence, to rely upon himself for success in any enterprise in which he may embark.

The importance of self-reliance, as an element of character, can hardly be overrated. It is essential to the manly development of the intellectual powers. The student, who depends upon a translation, or a classmate, or his teacher, to help him through his lessons, will never acquire a high degree of mental culture. He may gain some knowledge, but there will be no manly development of his faculties. As in classical studies, so it is in the mechanic or fine arts. He who constantly leans upon others, will never be able to go alone. If he succeeds at all, he will never be any thing more than a mere copyist. Intellectual imbecility will characterise all his efforts. The mind is cramped and enfeebled when it relies upon others for its thoughts, its knowledge and its opinions. Such a mind will never possess depth, or strength, or originality. But he who thinks for himself, investigates for himself—who subjects the thoughts and opinions of others to the ordeal of fixed laws, and the eternal principles of truth and right, will possess not only an accuracy of knowledge, but a comprehensiveness of views—an originality of conception, and a power of analysis, which will enable him to become master of any subject, however profound or intricate, which he may choose to investigate. He will find this habit of self-reliance not only a source of power, and manly intellectual development, but it will impart a joyousness and elasticity to his mind, which will render even abstruse studies agreeable and attractive,—a circumstance in itself highly invigorating to the intellect, and essential to the higher efforts of genius. If examples are wanted in support of these positions, we may point to a long list of distinguished men, in every department of human enterprise. Sir Francis Bacon, at the age of sixteen, while yet a student in college, began to dissent from the Aristotelian

philosophy, then the accredited system in every University of Europe. He dared to think, and investigate for himself. This early habit of self-reliance, "growing with his growth and strengthening with his strength," contributed, in no small degree, to that intellectual vigor, that accuracy, precision, and comprehensiveness of views, which enabled him to detect the fallacies and destroy the "idols" of all preceding philosophical systems, and to found, and illustrate, if he did not discover, the true, inductive method, which, in his immortal work, the *NOVUM ORGANON*, he has placed upon a basis immovable as the everlasting hills. Though his claims to the original discovery of the method of induction is disputed by some, all admit that he obtained a clearer insight into the nature and province of inductive research, than any of his predecessors; and no man has laid down, with such rigor and accuracy, the rules for its successful prosecution. By his splendid eloquence, and his wonderful power of illustration, he succeeded in awakening the minds of his countrymen to a just appreciation of the experimental system; and modern science owes all, or nearly all, its wonderful discoveries to the successful application of what, from his time, has been called the Baconian method of induction.

Kepler, Leibnitz, Newton, and Franklin were illustrious examples of self-reliance. It was not enough for them that the popular dogmas of their times were supported by an array of great names, and taught in the Universities. They must investigate for themselves. Their minds could not be held in thralldom by reverence for authority and antiquity. What they could not prove, they discarded. Their early habit of self-reliance gave them a mental discipline, which fully developed their wonderful powers, and enabled them to concentrate the whole strength of their genius upon the abstruse philosophical inquiries which occupied so much of their attention. The result is before the world. The *Principia* of Newton will live till the stars expire.

Examples might be multiplied indefinitely. All the great lights of the world—reformers and philanthropists—all the great men, who have essentially contributed to the advancement of science, literature, or art, have been distinguished for their self-reliance.—No man will accomplish any thing worth naming without it. It is to this habit, generally formed in early youth, that our "self-made men," so called, owe their greatness and the splendor of

their achievements. What would our distinguished countryman, Elihu Burritt, now be, but for this early habit of relying upon his own efforts and industry for the vast acquisitions in knowledge, and high attainments, for which the world does him homage? An obscure blacksmith, unknown beyond the neighborhood where he followed his humble, but honorable vocation.

Self-reliance gives independence and dignity to character. It is a lamentable fact, that even in this wondrous nineteenth century, when the masses of uneducated mind are rising up, and breaking through the incrustations of ages, and in the face of authority and usage, and long established, time honored theories, daring to think and act for themselves—and even in this boasted republic, where freedom, genius, enterprise, and activities of all sorts find unwonted stimulus—it is a mournful truth, that even here, and in this age, there are thousands of *hangers on*, who have not self-respect and manly independence enough to earn their own bread. With an effeminacy degrading to manhood, they are lounging about the doors of our public offices, seeking patronage—obsequiously asking for office and place, where little is to be done, and much to be received. And as such places are not numerous in this working age, they wait and solicit in vain. The wheel of fortune brings no gifts to them. The rich old uncle does not die, or if he does, he leaves his fortune to some prudent and industrious relative, and they are strangely forgotten! These worthy young gentlemen—too genteel altogether to soil their lily hands by labor, marvel that they are not understood!—are not duly appreciated! Had they early learned the lesson of self-reliance, they would not have been the imbecile, dependent creatures they now are. They would have known, that whatever they would be, in this world, they must make themselves. Having passed the age of boyhood, they would have felt that some thing must be done—and with hopeful hearts and strong hands, would have addressed themselves to the work.

The young man of enterprise and self-reliance, needs no patronage, but the patronage of fair opportunity. And in a land like this, where titles of nobility are not hereditary, and the "road where honor travels" lies open to all, fair opportunity will not long be wanting. If it does not come to him, he will create it. Relying on his own energies, he will enter the lists of high and honorable

competition, where, if all cannot win the highest prize, all may gain a competence. With this, he may challenge equality with the proudest man living. With manly dignity and independence, he takes his place among his peers, a nobleman, not by the favor of courts, or hereditary descent, but by the blessing of God, and his own energetic and well directed efforts.

If our young men could be brought to rely upon themselves—to resolve to eat no bread, and wear no raiment, which they have not earned—to seek no patronage, which does not seek them, the aspect of our large towns and cities would soon be changed.—Dandyism, that burlesque upon manhood, would soon disappear from our streets, and want and hard times would become obsolete.

In this vast and growing republic, the channels of enterprise are innumerable. No one, who possesses health, and is not too indolent to seek employment, need long be destitute of it. If he cannot find business exactly suited to his taste, let him shoulder an axe, a hoe, or a shovel. Better dig, fifty to one,—yes, dig clams by moonlight for a living, than eat the bread of idleness. While industriously employed, if he possesses talent, and enterprise, they will be discovered. There is not a young man in the land, who is not observed by many, whose influence may essentially contribute to his advancement. Though his position be now obscure, if he exhibits capacity and moral worth, patronage, of the right sort, will soon come to him. He will be sought out, and invited to fill a more responsible station.

William Gifford, a distinguished critic and poet, and for many years the able and popular editor of the *English Quarterly Review*, was originally a ship boy in a coaster, and was taken from thence to be apprenticed to a shoe-maker. He was found to possess talent and was promoted. He died in 1826, one of the most distinguished literary men of his age.

Roger Sherman was born in obscurity, and enjoyed the advantages only of a common school education. His early life was spent in the humble occupation of a shoe-maker. He resolved to qualify himself for the profession of law. Relying on his own unaided energies, he became one of the most eminent lawyers and statesmen of his time. The friend and companion of Washington, Franklin and Jefferson, he was distinguished as one of the most illustrious of that immortal band of heroes and patriots, who

achieved our independence, and laid the foundation of our republican liberties and free institutions. He was a delegate to the celebrated Congress of 1784, and held a seat in that body for nineteen years. He was also a member of the Convention that framed the Constitution of the United States.

There is living in a neighboring city a young lawyer of extensive legal knowledge, highly respected by the profession, and fast rising to eminence. In 1828, that young man, then a poor boy—without friends and utterly destitute, came to the writer of this article, and requested the privilege of reciting to him in English and Latin Grammar. His appearance was not promising, and for a time his progress was slow. He had conceived the idea of obtaining a liberal education at one of our colleges. To most of his acquaintance the idea seemed perfectly chimerical. As his teacher had struggled through many obstacles in obtaining his own education, and knew the power of kind words, he felt it to be his duty and his pleasure to encourage him. He paid his board by sawing wood, weeding gardens, and other similar employment, as he could find opportunity. But this occupied much of the time he wished to devote to his studies. In the harbor of the town there was a light house, standing about the eighth of a mile from the shore, and connected with the land by a long pier. It was a desolate place, and utterly unfitted for human habitation. The young man obtained permission of the keeper, to take up his lodgings there. By much industry, he saved money enough to purchase a barrel of injured flour. This he hired a baker to make into hard bread. He took his bread to the light house, and there lived for months, devoting himself with unremitting diligence to his studies. At length his health began to fail, and he was obliged to abandon his literary retreat. But he struggled on till he entered college.—He went through the entire course of four years, and graduated, one of the first scholars of his class. Having completed his literary course, he commenced the study of law, and is now enjoying a wide and lucrative practice, and is one of the most respected and influential men of his profession.

In ——— street, in the city of New-York, there is a commercial house, of high standing, and widely known in every State of the Union. In 1836, the senior partner of that house was a sabbath school teacher, in a Presbyterian church in this city, of which the

writer had the pastoral charge, and was a clerk in the extensive and influential house of Messrs. T. & Co. He was a young man of good business talents, correct habits, and great moral worth.—About the time his apprenticeship expired, he was met by a wealthy retired merchant, who asked him if he wished to go into business for himself? He said he did, but had no capital. He offered to invest twenty-five thousand dollars, for five years, the young man to take charge of the business, and he to remain a silent partner. The offer was a generous one, and it was accepted. At the end of the time, he returned the capital, not having farther need of it. That young man is now the head of one of the heaviest, most respected and influential houses in New-York.

Had this young man been other than he was—had he possessed an infirm character, and been wanting in self-reliance, the influence of all his friends could not have given him his first vantage-ground, nor would his subsequent course have raised him to the high and enviable position he now occupies.

I hope I shall not be charged with a want of gallantry, if I allude briefly to a class of fashionables, who are getting to be quite numerous in our country. They belong exclusively neither to our wealthy families, nor to those in more moderate circumstances. They are scattered through our towns and villages, among the rich and the poor. The class to whom I refer, esteem labor quite too vulgar for beings so refined and delicate as themselves. They are fashionable ladies, and have been fashionably educated. They have acquired, at some boarding school, a smattering of French, and music, of painting, and drawing—have read a little history, and have “gone through” with chemistry and algebra. They have left school, having “completed their education.” With the fashionable accomplishments of the day, they are familiar, but have yet to take their first lesson in the home duties and household responsibilities, over which nature designed woman to be the presiding genius, and where the graces of her character are seen and felt, in their most attractive forms. They are familiar with the mysteries of the toilet and the boudoir, but of the mysteries of housewifery, they are profoundly and willingly ignorant.—They are able, perhaps, to work a little lace, or worsted, but to make a dress, or even to mend one, is decidedly vulgar, and is an employment for which they have no taste, and no ability.

For what are these accomplished young ladies fitted? For any of the sober duties, and high responsibilities of life? Not one.—They may help to adorn a drawing room at an evening party—they may be qualified to figure in the circles of folly and dissipation, but for nothing else. They can gossip and flirt—talk of love and romance, to the “exquisites” of the other sex, but to a young man of solid acquirements, and moral worth, they cannot furnish even an hour’s rational entertainment.

What shall be done with these refined and fashionable young ladies? Delicate and ethereal though they may be, and beautiful withal, they cannot live on air. They are rather expensive ornaments for the dwellings of our wealthier classes. But the parents of many of them are in moderate circumstances. They have expended all they can spare, and in many cases much more than duty to their creditors would warrant, on their education; and are poorly able to support them in idleness. And where it is otherwise—where their parents are now rich, the next turn of the wheel of fortune, or the next wind of adversity which sweeps over our commercial or manufacturing towns, may lay their embankments of golden dust level with the earth. What then will they do with their accomplished daughters? Give them in marriage? What young man of common sense and common discretion would become the suitor for the hand of a young lady, though fair as an angel, who possesses no qualifications to preside with dignity over the home he may furnish her, and no qualities of heart or mind to render her a suitable companion for his leisure hours? He who would wed such an one, must be moon struck—or act under the influence of poetic frenzy, designing

“To give to airy nothing,
A local habitation and a name.”

In sober earnest, what is to become of the fashionable belles who have come and are coming from our popular boarding schools?—Ignorant of, and disinclined to the duties which appropriately belong to the sphere of woman—are they fit to be the educators of the future supporters and defenders of our free republican institutions? When thrown upon their own resources, as many of them will be, sooner or later, to provide for themselves, what is to become of them? Will they devote themselves to the useful and

honorable avocation of teachers? Of no one branch of study have they sufficient knowledge to succeed, as teachers. And if they had, they cannot endure the thought of coming down to the drudgery of teaching! Labor of all kinds, they consider degrading to ladies so refined, and fashionably educated as they have been. Self-reliance is an attribute of character of which they never dreamed, as applicable to themselves. The idea of earning their own bread—of sustaining themselves by any industrial pursuit, never entered their minds. It is abhorrent to all their notions of female delicacy and refinement. They must find a home in the house of some relative, or friend; and there, like hundreds of others, they will remain, a burden and tax on those whose kindness and hospitality forbid their turning them out of doors. Oh, if these fashionable beauties could

“See themselves as others see them,”

they would blush a deeper crimson than they now would, to be caught in dishabille, by some gay gallant, wielding a broom, or plying the needle of the seamstress.

Let me whisper a word in the ear of these mistaken and misguided young ladies, often more sinned against than sinning.

There is not a young man living, whose opinion is worth having, and who is worthy to become the husband of an intelligent and virtuous woman, who would not esteem them more highly, if they would refuse the support, however generously offered, which comes from the hand of charity. I say charity—for disguise it as they may, that support which comes without an honorable equivalent, is charity, and nothing else. The young woman who, if circumstances require it, has the independence and self-respect to rely on her own efforts for support, though by so doing she is obliged to learn a trade, or enter the walls of a factory, will command the respect of all honorable and high-minded men. Female excellence, though in humble life, moving in its appropriate sphere, relying not on the hospitality and kindness of friends, but upon the inherent qualities of womanly dignity and virtue, and her own efforts for support, may challenge the homage of the world. The time has gone by, when the helplessness and dependence of woman constituted her strongest claim to the admiration of the other sex. It is now felt that she may, and was designed to be,

an efficient actor in the great drama of life, and may take an honorable part in the mighty struggles and brilliant achievements of mind, without sacrificing a particle of female delicacy, or arrogating the peculiar prerogatives of man.

Self-reliance is essential to eminence in any profession, and the successful prosecution of any important enterprise.

The path to excellence is so obstructed and environed with difficulties, that none but a resolute and self-reliant spirit can pass over, or remove them.

The man who has no confidence in himself will never be able to decide what course he had better pursue. He will ever be hesitating between different and opposite determinations, anxiously enquiring how to act. At one time, he thinks the plan now before him is feasible and full of promise, and he is resolved soon to enter upon it. He will deliberate. To-morrow he is perplexed with doubts. He sees difficulties which did not occur to him before, and he dare not go forward. Thus, day after day is wasted, and his mind is held in anxious suspense till the golden opportunity has gone by. But should he come to a determination, there is no certainty that he will carry it into execution. He is the creature of circumstances. He does not belong to himself. Some unforeseen cause, trivial it may be in itself, arrests him, and against the dictates of his understanding, and the force of his will, he is borne away, and his determination frustrated and scattered to the winds.

Destitute of self-reliance, his opinions and determinations depend very much on the opinions of others. As the persons with whom he converses are so various, there can be no certainty that his purposes to-day will be his purposes to-morrow. You may leave him to-night, fully resolved upon a course of action. After parting with you, he falls in with a person of opposite views and sentiments, whose character is much stronger than his own, and his resolution, though apparently as firm as a rock, melts away and dissolves into thin air.

Such a man can never excel in any thing. The staff of accomplishment will never be found in his hands. If circumstances should so combine as to compel him to enter upon some noble enterprise, he will not have firmness and courage enough to carry it into successful achievement. The course of events will inevitably throw obstacles in his way. As these events occur in an order

not to be foreseen or prevented, he must accommodate his course of conduct to the events. But he has no reliance upon himself, consequently, no firmness, no courage, no strength. He either abandons his purpose, or it is made subservient to unfavorable circumstances, and his enterprise proves an entire failure. Another man, having confidence in his own judgment, and ability to accomplish his purpose, would have made the unexpected and disastrous events serve his design, or would have accomplished it in defiance of them. Having formed his purpose and fixed his plan of action, he would have entered upon it with an unconquerable energy, which would have left none, who knew him, to doubt of its ultimate execution.

Whatever may be the enterprise in which such a man embarks, he will summon to its prosecution the utmost powers of his mind. In all his movements there will be an energy and constancy highly favorable to success. As he advances in his course his enthusiasm gathers strength—the power of habit is added to his original energy, and his determination becomes invincible. There is in all his doings an “untameable efficacy of soul,” an ardor, a passion, which as he advances, sweeps away all opposing obstacles, and makes seeming impossibilities light and trivial objections.

Such a man can hardly fail of success. He will be exempt from many of the perplexities which annoy the weak and irresolute mind. With a spirit so resolute and decisive, few will feel disposed to interfere. The energy with which he acts, will command the respect, and often the co-operation, of other minds, and fix on all the conviction, that whether right or wrong, his designs will be accomplished. By the very force of his character he will become a centre of influence, and will constrain all events and all circumstances to contribute to the accomplishment of his purposes. Few, it is said, have accomplished more than they intended and expected to accomplish, and few, I may add, who have possessed self-reliance, and have formed their plans under the dictates of an enlightened understanding, have failed to accomplish what they were determined they would accomplish.

Self-reliance is essential to the formation and maintenance of virtuous character. Without confidence in his own judgment, and reliance upon his ability to act according to the convictions of his understanding and the dictates of his conscience, no man can tell

what he may be at any future period of his life. He will never acquire, or if he acquires he will never maintain, any stable and distinctive qualities. He will always act in subjection to the stronger characters under whose influence he may chance to fall. If these characters are virtuous, they may impart to his will and conduct a virtuous aim. If his guides are vicious, his character will soon take their coloring, and he will walk in their steps.

"He will gain nothing ; or if he do, he will not have strength of character enough to keep it. Every passing occurrence, every externality, every poor circumstance of life, every vicious element of humanity will *fasten on him* and *stamp* its image upon him, and fashion him for the time being. He will take its impression passively and mechanically, as it were—he will be the sport of every wind of doctrine—a wretched slave of every sinful influence.

SONNET.

TO MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY, ON RECEIVING FROM HER A BOUQUET.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

If Nature's sweetest poetry be flowers—
 Those fair embodiments of thought divine—
 'Twas meet that Nature's Poet should design
 A gift like this from Flora's scented bowers,
 Where poets dream away delicious hours:
 Sure none save thee such nosegay could entwine,
 And, while its beauty quickens fancy's powers,
 Each blushing floweret seems to me a line
 Of some harmonious lay, from thy rich muse,
 To which pure friendship sentiment doth lend—
 Imagination give her rainbow hues
 And warm Affection her embalming dews:
 Thus, a whole poem is thy boon, kind friend,
 Where Art and Nature in sweet concord blend.

THE WIDOW TO THE BRIDE.

BY MARY N. MEIGS.

I saw thee wedded, lady,
At the altar's holy side,
As with roses 'mid thy shining hair
Thou stood'st a happy bride.
The soft light o'er that joyous band,
A tender radiance shed,
While priestly word, and marriage ring,
Proclaimed thee duly wed.

I saw thee wedded, lady,
With the love-light on thy brow,
And I caught thy low-breathed whisper
Of the holy marriage vow,
And by the quick pulsation
In my bosom's inmost core,
I knew thy heart was throbbing,
As it ne'er had throbbed before.

I saw thee wedded, lady,
And my thoughts went roving back
To a bridal day, which long ago,
Illumed life's sunny track,
When, like thyself, I vowed to love
Through weal and wo for life,
And with the golden circlet, claimed
That sweetest name, of *wife*.

Oh! marvel not, if, 'mid the smiles
That graced thy nuptial hour,
Mine eyes were wet with burning tears
Which fell like summer shower:
It was not envy of thy lot,
Nor sorrow at thy bliss;
I would not that thy cup of joy
One shining drop should miss.

But oh! 'twas memory, memory's power,
Which thus my spirit bowed,
I knelt again as once I knelt,
And vowed as once I vowed.
Methought I stood as thou did'st stand,
The loved one at my side—
Then looked upon my darkened robes,
The widowed, not the bride!

Yet, lady, though my heart was sad,
As sad it oft must be,
Heaven's best and holiest benison,
'Twould still call down on thee:
Joy to the bride! Love's brightest wreath
For thee may true love twine,
And be thy wedded life as blest,
And oh! *less brief*, than mine.

CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMAN.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

NO. II.—THE TWO QUEENS.

CHAPTER I.—THE WIFE OF DAVID.

"How beautiful is modesty! it winneth upon all beholders,
But a matron's modesty is dignified—she blusheth not, neither is she bold—
Affect not to despise beauty—no one is free from its dominion,
But regard it not as a pearl of price; it is fleeting as the bow in the clouds.
Of the character be gentle, it often hath its index in the countenance,
And the soft smile of a loving face is better than splendor fading quickly."

MORNING had broken on the wilderness of Maon, gilding the summits of Carmel and Tabor with a flood of glory, and bathing in rosy light the white tents and streaming banners of a military encampment which covered the rising ground, a little to the southward of the distant city. The stillness that reigned around, varied only by the measured tread of the sentinel, and the monotonous cry of the jackal, was at length interrupted by the clash of arms, and the sound of earnest voices, as one by one, the leaders of the host came forth from their tents, with countenances on which stern determination was struggling with anxiety and care. They looked often and earnestly at the central pavilion from which the flag of their chief was flying, and gladness shone in every eye, when at last, a man of noble mien and commanding presence, in the prime of early manhood, was seen to issue from the guarded enclosure.

"The blessing of Israel's God be upon you, my friends," was his salutation on approaching the group—"has aught been heard of the expected supplies?"

"Nothing, my lord," said a dark browed Gileadite, whose face was seamed with scars—"and as thy soul liveth, the discontent of the people cannot much longer be restrained. It is enough to be driven from one hiding place to another, like foxes to their holes, without having the pangs of hunger added to our other privations."

"Do I not share these sufferings, Eliezer?" mildly replied the chief—"yet who has heard me complain? But something must be done for the relief of the men, and fortunately, Nabal the son of Caleb, is now shearing his sheep in Carmel, with the customary festivities. The man has vast possessions in Maon and Carmel, and as ye know, is indebted to us for the preservation of his flocks and his shepherds from the Arabian bands, when we were encamped near them in Jeshimon. Therefore, Jehiel, do thou take nine of the young men with thee, and greet Nabal in my name, and say to him that liveth in ease and prosperity—"Peace be to thee, and peace to thine house, and peace unto all that thou hast. And now I have heard that thou hast shearers; now thy shepherds which were with us, we hurt them not, neither was there aught missing unto them, all the while they were in Carmel.—Wherefore let the young men find favor in thy sight, for we come in a good day; give I pray thee whatsoever cometh to thy hand to thy servants and to thy son David."

As David turned away from his companions after giving these directions, (for it was the persecuted and fugitive conqueror of Goliath, whom we have introduced to our readers,) his heart was strangely oppressed, and, murmurs at the wretchedness of his lot, rose involuntarily to his lips. His aged parents were exiles in the land of Moab, dependent on the charity of a heathen king—himself a hunted and proscribed wanderer, hiding in caves and dens of the earth, in the very land which his valor had delivered from the yoke of the Philistines. These were bitter reflections, but in the midst of them all, he remembered the scene at Bethlehem when the venerable Samuel had anointed him in the presence of his brethren, with the solemn assurance that he should be king of Israel, and with unshaken confidence in the faithfulness of God, he gathered strength and comfort from the recollection.

"Clouds and darkness may be round the Most High," he said to himself in the solitude of his own apartment—"but justice and judgment are still the habitation of his throne. God is my refuge and rock of defence—I will trust, and not be afraid what man can do unto me."

It was now midday, and the messengers had not yet returned from Carmel. Expectation was at its height, and already in imagination, the lowing of the flocks was heard, when in the dis-

tance, the young men were seen approaching, with the slow and languid step of those who feel themselves the bearers of unwelcome tidings. Their story was soon told.

They had seen, and spoken with the great man of Maon, had informed him of their former services and present wants, and respectfully asked a small pittance from his fulness, to supply their immediate necessities. In reply, they had received only railing and abuse—had been treated with the utmost contempt, and their leader stigmatized as a runaway servant, with whom no measures were to be kept. In a word, they had returned, not only empty handed, but loaded with insults and reproaches by the man who owed the preservation of his property to their care and bravery.

Wrath had been gathering on every face, as the narrative proceeded, and at its close, the storm burst forth in one general whirlwind of threats and execrations. The men demanded to be instantly led against the wretch who had so outraged humanity, and David, borne away by the first blind impulse of passion, willingly gave the word for a war of extermination. Another hour, and his fair fame would have been sullied forever, but at the moment when the order to march had been given, the attention of all was arrested by the appearance of a train of asses, loaded with provisions, followed at a short distance by a single female, who on reaching the encampment, dismounted and came forward alone. It was easy to recognize the leader of the troop, by that fair and ruddy countenance which was celebrated throughout the land, and throwing back her veil, the stranger knelt gracefully at his feet, and intreated to be heard. Fierceness was in every eye now bent upon her, and vengeance on every lip, but the heroic Abigail felt no fear. Calm and collected as though she had been receiving David as an honored guest in her own princely home at Maon, she made the customary obeisance, and proffered her petition. The beauty on which the hero of Israel gazed, far exceeded even the visions of loveliness that had sometimes blessed his dreams, but more captivating still than that beauty, was the ingenuous modesty, and womanly dignity, so sweetly blended with respectful reverence in the wife of Nabal. With a skill and tact, seldom equalled, and never excelled, Abigail deprecated the just resentment of David, by frankly confessing the wrong he had sustained, and passing lightly over his meditated purpose of revenge,

congratulated him on having been turned aside from it, as one who was under the special care of Jehovah, who would himself avenge him of his enemies.

From the manner in which Abigail speaks of her husband, we are led to infer that hers was one of those unhallowed unions, styled marriages "*de convenance*," in which youth and beauty on one side, are sold to churlishness and decrepitude on the other, for a fancied pecuniary equivalent.

"Let not my lord," she says, "regard this man of Belial even Nabal, for as his name is, so is he; Nabal is his name and folly is with him, but I thine handmaid saw not the young men of my lord whom thou didst send. I pray thee, forgive the trespass of thine handmaid, for the Lord will certainly make my lord a sure house, because my lord fighteth the battles of the Lord, and evil hath not been found in thee all thy days. And it shall come to pass, when the Lord shall have done to my lord according to all the good that he hath spoken concerning thee, and shall have appointed thee ruler over Israel; that this shall be no grief unto thee, nor offence of heart unto my lord, either that thou hast shed blood causeless, or that my lord avenged himself—but when the Lord shall have avenged my lord, then remember thine handmaid."

It may readily be supposed that Abigail did not sue in vain for pardon and reconciliation. The grace and beauty of the pleader, the eloquence of her looks and tones, and the wisdom of her words, made their way to the heart of the youthful hero, who could hardly find language strong enough to express his fervent gratitude for her timely interposition. The supplies she had brought were distributed through the camp, and the fair visitant departed, followed by the blessings of the assembled multitude.

It was night, ere the wife of Nabal reached the temporary abode of her husband, in Carmel, and she found him in the midst of one of those bacchanalian orgies, with which the labors of the day were usually closed by him, during the season of sheep shearing. She therefore said nothing to him of her journey or its object that night, for so deeply was he absorbed in revelry and mirth, that he had missed neither Abigail, nor the servants who accompanied her, nor the provisions taken to the camp of David. He had carefully concealed from his wife, the message brought by the young men, well knowing that her generous nature would

never brook the injustice of his reply. One of his servants, however, hearing the whole, carried the news to his mistress, whose gentleness and liberality had so often made atonement for the churlish unkindness of her husband. By her promptness and decision on receiving the intelligence, she had redeemed as far as possible, the honor of Nabal, and averted the evil consequences that threatened his house, by the sacrifice of an inconsiderable portion of his hoarded possessions.

The next morning, when the fumes of intoxication were partially evaporated, and the miserable man was capable of understanding her, Abigail related to him the events of the previous day, and his narrow escape from the vengeance of David and his companions. Nabal's strength was weakened and his nervous system shattered, by constant debauchery, and the images of terror thus presented to him, together with his avaricious regrets for the loss of his property, threw him into a state of mental and physical depression, which in a few days, terminated his existence. His life had been that of a fool, and he died as a fool dieth—lamented by none, not even the wife of his bosom, who must have felt her release from the intolerable yoke of domestic despotism, to be a cause of thankfulness, rather than sorrow.

During the interval that elapsed between the visit of Abigail to the camp, and the death of Nabal, David had often remembered the vision of beauty that then greeted his sight, and always with emotions of regret at the fate which bound one so good and lovely to a man who was utterly incapable of appreciating her excellence. The energy, wisdom, and consummate tact she evinced in the management of the difficult negotiation undertaken by her, deeply impressed the heart of the Jewish leader, whose estimate of female character, influenced by his connexion with the daughters of Saul, had hitherto been unfavorable to the sex. But the conduct of Abigail as a woman and a wife was so exemplary, and her deportment so full of feminine sweetness and grace, that David lost no time, on receiving news of the death of Nabal, in demanding the hand of the young and richly dowered widow.

Matrimonial treaties were more speedily and unceremoniously concluded in those days of primitive simplicity, than in our own times, and a woman like Abigail was not likely to detain the messengers of David by any scruples of mistaken dignity or affected

delicacy. She admired the person, and venerated the character of her noble suitor, and knowing him to be God's selected instrument for the accomplishment of great designs, she esteemed it an honor beyond her deserts, to be the chosen of his heart, even in that hour of adversity when he was a houseless, homeless wanderer on the face of the earth. With a humility, doubly graceful when we consider the relative position of the parties, she hastened to obey the summons of David and to present herself before him, with a train of attendants suited to her wealth and station, and generously bestowed upon him a hand and heart, of more priceless worth, than the crown and kingdom which awaited his possession.

After this event, we hear little of Abigail, but from her previous history, we are warranted in believing that she preserved amid the splendors of a court, and as the consort of a great monarch, the same simplicity, nobleness and piety that had distinguished the wife of Nabal. Had David, the king, possessed no other domestic friend and counsellor than the wise and tender Abigail—much of the wrong and misery that sully the annals of his reign would doubtless have been avoided, and the name of the sweet Psalmist of Israel, might have gone down to future generations, without a cloud to dim its brightness.

CHAP. II.—THE WIFE OF AHAB.

"The needful complexity of beauty claimeth mind and soul,
Though many coins of base alloy pass current for the true;
And albeit fairness in the creature often coexists with excellence,
Yet many an angel shape hath been tenanted by fiends."

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

It was a festival day in Samaria—mirth and feasting were within its gorgeous palaces, and through the long and crowded streets, every face beamed with eager and joyous expectation.—Flags were flying, and banners streaming, from the various places of public resort, while about the triumphal arches thrown at intervals across the street, groups of young maidens, in holiday dresses, were collected, waiting to strew flowers and palm branches in the path of the brilliant *cortege* rapidly approaching. Even old age forgot its decrepitude, and gazed with childish pleasure on the procession that swept proudly by, and vanished beneath the frowning portal of the royal palace, but not until the multitude had enjoyed

a glimpse of their liege lady, and with one voice pronounced her the most beautiful princess who ever wore a crown. Splendidly attired, her face flushed with anticipated triumph, and seated on a milk white Arabian, whose motions she controlled apparently without an effort, Jezebel of Zidon, did indeed look "every inch a queen," and the youthful king of Israel felt as he gazed on his beauteous bride, that such a being might well deem herself born to command and others to obey.

One only, amid that numerous assemblage, looked with sadness upon the gay pageant, as his prophetic eye foresaw the innumerable evils which this unhallowed alliance was to bring upon the kingdom of Israel. Folding his mantle about him, Elijah the Tishbite turned away with a troubled brow, and a heart in which affection for Ahab, was mingled with a holy jealousy for the honor of his God.

"We shall meet again, proud princess," he said, "in yonder halls, where the messengers of God will soon be unwonted and unwelcome guests. Misguided king! Thou hast rejected the counsel of God, and joined thyself to idolators, and by so doing hast sealed thine own destruction and that of thy race. Alas, my country! will the things that concern thy peace never be made known unto thee?"

As he passed onward, the people bent reverently before Elijah, but rapt in visions of the future, he saw them not, and when he disappeared, all breathed more freely, as if relieved from the pressure of an external conscience, warning of danger and retribution.

Months passed away, and the worst forebodings of the prophet were more than realized. The baleful influence of the heathen queen was felt throughout the land. Every where, in groves, on high hills, and even in the houses of the people, the worship of Baal was instituted, and thousands flocked to the unholy rites, forgetful of their own pure faith and their father's God. The king led the way in this apostacy, and the nobles and elders eagerly followed his example. Idolatry swept through the land like a desolating flood, prostrating the altars of Jehovah and bearing away on its turbid bosom, domestic peace and public confidence.

* * * * *

It was night, but the palace of Ahab shone with more than the radiance of day, and within its walls glittering crowds were mov-

ing through tapestried chambers, or standing beside marble fountains, where the cool plash of falling water, kept time with the harmonious strains of the harp and psaltery, and the low sound of voices in the adjoining apartments. Suddenly, a movement among the gay groups, announced the approach of the queen, and leaning on the arm of her royal consort, Jezebel of Zidon, entered the saloon, and with the imperious tread of a Semiramis, made her way amid the ranks of bending courtiers, while a low murmur of admiration ran through the splendid circle. In truth, Jezebel was very beautiful, though her beauty was of that voluptuous order which appeals to the senses only. Massive braids of raven hair bound her haughty brow, on which gleamed a circlet of precious stones, each jewel of which was worth a monarch's ransom. In the proud curve of her lip, and the impatient sparkle of her eye, might be seen indications of those fierce and untameable passions which made the wife of Ahab terrible to her enemies, and which gained for her, entire dominion over the weaker spirit of the king. As she gazed proudly around, her quick eye caught signs of disturbance at the entrance of the saloon, and instantly divining the cause, she called out in her most imperious tones—"Room there, for the priests of Baal!" The crowd at once gave way, and a band of men in long white robes, with fillets of linen upon their heads, came forward, and forming themselves into a semicircle, took their station behind the queen. At that moment, another individual of tall and majestic presence, with a mantle wrapped closely about him, which partially concealed his features, walked slowly up the long hall, nor stopped until he reached the footstool of the throne. Then, uncovering his face, he fixed his stern, deep set eyes upon the king, and after a moment's pause, during which he seemed to read the soul of the trembling Ahab, he uttered this fearful denunciation—"As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word."

He ceased, and while his stirring tones still echoed through the apartment, without the customary obeisance or one look on either hand, left the room slowly as he had entered it, and was gone, ere the awe-struck courtiers had recovered from the astonishment caused by his presence. The queen was the first to break the oppressive silence. Lightnings flashed from her eye as she loudly

exclaimed—"Curses on the dotard, who thus dares, under the shallow pretence of a message from his God, to beard his sovereigns in the midst of their court! Methinks, my lords," glancing fiercely around—"that is but lip loyalty, which can look on in silence, and tamely brook such an insult to an anointed king.—But he shall dearly rue his insolence, for by the gods of my father, his life shall pay the forfeit."

Ahab spoke not, but the troubled expression of his countenance was visible to all, and not even the smiles and blandishments of the queen could restore his composure. One by one the courtiers stole away with clouded brow and altered demeanor, and darkness settled down upon the palace and its guilty inmates.

The drought predicted by Elijah was not long in making its appearance. All over the parched land, sterility and want were written in ghastly characters. The springs and streams were all dried up, and the withered herbage yielded no support to the famished flocks and herds. One universal cry for bread, went up from the palace and the cottage, for every where in city and country the dread pressure of famine was equally felt. Jezebel, who attributed all these evils to the influence of the prophet, raged like a lioness deprived of her young, and as Elijah had fled from her threatened vengeance, her fury was vented on the prophets of the Lord, who still remained in Israel. At her command, and by her trained satellites, these defenseless men were murdered in cold blood, and not one would have escaped, but for the secret interposition of Obadiah, the steward of the palace, who, though surrounded by evil, was a devoted servant of the true God. He managed to withdraw a hundred and fifty men from the city, and to hide them in a cave, where he fed them from his own stores, until the storm of persecution ceased, and the attention of the queen was turned to new schemes of pleasure or ambition.

* * * * *

The drought had passed by—a rain had again been sent upon the land, and the weak Ahab had forgotten the chastisement, and with it his temporary purposes of amendment. Indeed, with such a counsellor as Jezebel, always at his side, to flatter his foibles, and stimulate his evil passions, nothing was to be expected of Ahab, but folly and crime. If he hesitated at any act of glaring injustice, she was ever ready to assume the responsibility, and

carry out the half-formed design. When Naboth of Jezreel, nobly refused to alienate a portion of his paternal inheritance, at the request of Naboth, who coveted it for a vineyard, the cowardly king sought his wife, well knowing that his sad countenance would awaken her curiosity, and thus force him to confide to her the cause of his disquietude. Without one moment of hesitation, or one emotion of pity, the cold and crafty Jezebel instantly formed a plan to gain possession of the desired field. She sent letters to her creatures at Jezreel, bidding them, under the forms of a mock trial, to accuse Naboth of blasphemy and to condemn him to death.—There seems to have been neither law nor justice in the land during this reign, and the mandate of the queen was unblushingly obeyed. Naboth was stoned to death, and Ahab took triumphant possession of the land thus barbarously obtained.

Jezebel lived many years after the murder of Naboth, and at the death of Ahab, saw Jehoram her son, elevated to the throne. But the Divine displeasure, which had been averted for a season by the late penitance of the guilty father, fell like a thunderbolt on the equally guilty son. Jehu, armed with a commission from the Lord, slew Jehoram as he was riding out in his chariot after a severe illness, and took possession of the vacant throne. He then went forward to the palace where the queen mother lived in state, exerting her pernicious influence over the court and counsels of her son. Though now past middle life, she still possessed the remains of that beauty once so celebrated, and learning from her attendants, that the victorious soldier was approaching the palace, Jezebel dressed herself with great care, concealing by paint, the ravages of time, and throwing a magnificent veil over her head, she stationed herself at an upper window to await his arrival.—There was no burst of maternal feeling—no shrinking of womanly timidity on the part of Jezebel—all was cold and selfish calculation. She evidently expected to impress Jehu either with terror or admiration by the splendor of her appearance as she boldly enquired—"Had Zimri peace who slew his master?" But she had evidently miscalculated her own attractions, or the susceptibility of the hardy veteran, whose only answer was a signal to the personal attendants of the queen, now standing at her side. Gladly availing themselves of the opportunity to throw off her hated yoke, the eunuchs seized their mistress and threw her from the window

to the ground in the sight of Jehu and his companions. There she lay for hours—a bloody and disfigured carcase, unnoticed by all, until Jehu in consideration of her royal birth, proposed to bestow upon her a decent burial. But when search was made for the corpse, nothing could be found of it but detached portions of what had once been a human body. The terrific threat of Jehovah had been literally fulfilled, and the dogs had eaten Jezebel by the portion of Jezreel, scattering the remnants of her flesh, so that none could say—"this is Jezebel."

Thus perished this miserable woman, a memorable instance of the truth of the inspired assertion—"The wages of sin is death." Brilliantly endowed by nature, raised to the summit of human greatness, and united to one who seems to have loved her with his whole heart, Jezebel might have been blest herself, and an instrument of blessing to uncounted thousands. But given up to the dominion of her own vile passions, her influence as a wife was evil and wholly evil continually, and she is held up to imperishable infamy by the sacred historian in the emphatic words—"There was none like unto Ahab—which did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord, *whom Jezebel his wife stirred up.*"

"I WAIT FOR THEE."

BY MRS. S. M. CLARKE.

DEAREST, I wait for thee,
Far o'er death's fearful sea
I stand upon the bright immortal shore—
Now lift thine eye above,
And meet my glance of love—
'Tis thine, and thine alone, forever-more.
Haste, dearest one, to me;
Here I will stay for thee.

Angels desire to know
Why are my feet so slow
To enter the eternal, heavenly walls,
Where friends will meet me there,
Who to my heart are dear,—
At the great banquet in my Father's halls;
I whisper, quietly,
That I am waiting thee.

"I WAIT FOR THEE."

They tell me angels wait,
 To open wide the gate
 Of Heaven to thee—I must not tarry here;
 That heart cannot conceive,
 Nor mortal ear believe,
 How great the joys of Heaven forever are.
 I answer—without thee
 E'en Heaven would joyless be.

Oh, how this earthly love
 My soul draws from above!
 But 'tis not earthly, dear; it then had perish'd
 With all the hopes and fears
 Born of that "vale of tears;"
 And not, as now, in Heaven, be fondly cherish'd,
 A holy thing by me,
 While I am waiting thee.

I cannot join the band,
 That gaily, hand in hand,
 Roam, in sweet converse o'er the plains of Heaven,—
 I think of thee alone—
 Light of thy evening gone—
 Of thy poor heart so desolate and riven.
 Till thou, dear one, art free,
 I still must wait for thee.

Oh! through the lucid air,
 Most beautifully fair,
 A glorious mansion radiantly gleams!
 Reflects each tint of light
 In hue divinely bright!
 Of purest gems, and made for me, it seems;—
 The angels say for me;—
 But I must wait for thee.

At intervals I hear
 In notes melodious, clear,
 The Heavenly anthem rise and die away—
 Familiar voices, sweet,
 In that rich music, greet
 My raptured soul—but here I love to stay,
 Though dear ones beckon me,—
 I am awaiting thee.

Dear love, I'm fairer now,
 Than when my first low vow
 Was pledged to thee, in early, happy youth—
 Far in th' immortal air
 The *form* becomes more fair,
 As the pure *soul* is fill'd with Heavenly truth.
 I wait with joy for thee,
 Thy youthful bride to be,—
 Eternally.

HOUSEHOLD SKETCHES.—No. III

BY MRS. MARY GRAHAM.

MAY BE SO.

"NEXT time you go out, you'll buy me a wagon, won't you, mother?" said my little boy to me one day.

I didn't want to say "no," and thus destroy his happy feelings; and I was not prepared to say "yes;" and so I gave the evasive reply so often used under such circumstances, "May be so," and which was meant rather as a negative than an affirmative. The child was satisfied; for he gave my words the meaning he wished them to have. In a little while after, I had forgotten all about it. Not so my boy. To him the "May be so" was "yes," and he set his heart, confidently, on receiving the wagon the next time I should go out. This happened on the afternoon of that very day. It was towards evening when I returned. The moment I rung the bell at my own door, I heard his pattering feet and gleeful voice in the entry.

"Where's my wagon?" said he, as I entered, a shade of disappointment falling suddenly upon his excited, happy face.

"What wagon, dear?" I asked.

"My wagon. The wagon you promised to buy me."

"I didn't promise to buy a wagon, my son."

"Oh, yes you did, mother! You promised me this morning."

Tears were already in his eye, and his face wore a look of distressing disappointment.

"I promised to buy you a wagon? I am sure I remember nothing about it," I replied confidently. "What in the world put that into your head?"

"Did'nt I ask you?" said the child, the tears now overflowing his cheeks.

"Yes, I believe you did ask me something about a wagon; but I didn't promise to buy you one."

"Oh, yes you did, mother. You said May be so."

"But 'may be so' doesn't mean yes."

At this the little fellow uttered a distressing cry. His heart was almost broken by disappointment. He had interpreted my words according to his own wishes, and not according to their real meaning.

Unprepared for an occurrence of this kind, I was not in the mood to sympathize with my child fully. To be met thus, at the moment of my return home, disturbed me.

"I didn't promise to buy you a wagon; and you must stop crying about it," said I, seeing that he had given way to his feelings and was crying in a loud voice.

But he cried on. I went up stairs to lay off my things, and he followed, still crying.

"You must hush now," said I, more positively. "I cannot permit this. I never promised to buy you a wagon."

"You said May be so," sobbed the child.

"May be so, and yes, are two very different things. If I had said that I would buy you a wagon, then there would have been some reason in your disappointment; but I said no such thing."

He had paused to listen; but, as I ceased speaking, his crying was renewed.

"You must stop this now. There is no use in it, and I will not have it," said I resolutely.

My boy choked down for a few moments at this, and half stifled his grief; but, o'ermastering him, it flowed on again as wildly as ever. I felt impatient.

"Stop this moment, I say!" And I took hold of his arm firmly. My will is strong, and when a little excited, it often leads me beyond where I would go in moments of reflection. My boy knew this by experience. By my manner of speaking he saw that I was in earnest, and that, if he did not obey me, punishment would follow. So, with what must have been a powerful effort for one so young, he stifled the utterance of his grief. But, the storm within raged none the less violently, and I could see his little frame quiver as he strove to repress the rising sobs.

Turning away from me, he went and sat down on a low seat in a corner of the room. I saw his form in the glass as I stood before it to arrange my hair, after laying aside my bonnet; and for the first time my feelings were touched. There was an abandonment in his whole attitude; an air of grief about him that affected me with pity and tenderness.

"Poor child !" I sighed. "His heart is almost broken. I ought to have said yes or no ; and then all would have been settled."

"Come," said I, after a few moments, reaching my hand towards the child—"let us go down and look out for father. He will be home soon."

I spoke kindly and cheerfully. But he neither moved, looked up, nor gave the smallest sign that he heard me.

"O, well," said I, with some impatience in my voice—"it doesn't matter at all. If you'd rather sit there than come down into the parlor and look out for dear father, you can please yourself."

And turning away as I spoke, I left the chamber, and went down stairs. Seating myself at a window, I looked forth and endeavored to feel unconcerned and cheerful. But, this was beyond my power. I saw nothing but the form of my grieving child, and could think of nothing but his sorrow and disappointment.

"Nancy," said I to one of my domestics, who happened to come into the parlor to ask me some question, "I wish you would run down to the toy store in the next block, and buy Neddy a wagon. His heart is almost broken about one."

The girl, always willing, when kindly spoken to, ran off to obey my wishes, and in a little while came back with the article wanted.

"Now," said I, "go up into my room and tell Neddy that I've got something for him. Don't mention the wagon ; I want to take him by surprise."

Nancy went bounding up the stairs, and I placed the wagon in the centre of the room, where it would meet the child's eyes on the moment of his entrance, and then sat down to await his coming and enjoy his surprise and delight.

After the lapse of about a minute, I heard Nancy coming down slowly.

"Neddy's asleep," said she, looking in at the door.

"Asleep !" I felt greatly disappointed.

"Yes, ma'am. He was on the floor asleep. I took him up, and laid him in your bed."

"Then he's over his troubles," said I, attempting to find a relief for my feelings in this utterance. But no such relief came.

Taking the wagon in my hand, I went up to the chamber where he lay, and bent over him. The signs of grief were still upon his innocent face, and every now and then a faint sigh or

sob gave evidence that even sleep had not yet hushed, entirely, the storm which had swept over him.

"Neddy!" I spoke to him in a voice of tenderness, hoping that my words might reach his ear. "Neddy, dear, I've bought you a wagon."

But his senses were locked. Taking him up, I undressed him, and then, after kissing his lips, brow, and cheeks, laid him in his little bed, and placed the wagon on the pillow beside him.

Even until the late hour at which I retired on that evening, were my feelings oppressed by the incident I have described. My "May be so," uttered in order to avoid giving the direct answer my child wanted, had occasioned him far more pain than a positive refusal of his request could have done.

"I will be more careful in future," said I, as I lay thinking about the occurrence, "how I create false hopes. My yea shall be yea, and my nay nay. Of these, cometh not evil."

In the morning when I awoke, I found Neddy in possession of his wagon. He was running with it around the room, as happy as if a tear had never been upon his cheek. I looked at him for many minutes without speaking. At last, seeing that I was awake, he bounded up to the bed side, and kissing me, said—

"Thank you, dear mother, for buying me this wagon! You are a good mother!"

I must own to having felt some doubts on the subject of Neddy's compliment, at the time. Since this little experience, I have been more careful how I answer the petitions of my children; and avoid the "May be so," "I'll see about it," and other such evasive answers that come so readily to the lips. The good result I have experienced in many instances.

RESIGNATION.

—————"God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best, his state
 Is kingly—thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest—
 They also serve, who only stand and wait."

SAMSON AGONISTES.

THE HOTEL DE VILLE—PARIS.

SEE ENGRAVING.

THOSE who have read (and who has not ?) the various details of the late revolution in France, have become familiar with the name of the Hotel de Ville, as the head quarters of the Provisional Government, during that brief period in which the friends of liberty predicted for France a glorious career of freedom and honor. The plate we have given to our readers, presents a front view of this famous building, as it now appears, after the lapse of centuries from the period of its erection.

The Place de Greve, on which the Hotel de Ville is situated, has long possessed a melancholy notoriety, as the spot where the victims of political principles were immolated, and where those who were stained with crimes paid the forfeit of their iniquity. It now, however, presents an altered character—the guillotine, once a permanent structure before the Hall, has been removed and forgotten—the stains of blood upon the pavement have been almost washed out, and justice has learned to maintain the dignity of her reign without the effusion of so much blood. It was in the year 1359 that the municipality of Paris purchased the building and cite of the *Maison de la Greve*, together with two churches, and on the combined sites laid the corner stone of an edifice which forms a small part of the present Hotel de Ville, on the 15th July, 1533. For some years the work was suspended, until Henry the Second, struck by the beauty of the plans submitted to him by Domenico di Cortona, ordered the building to be completed according to these models. But after an interruption of more than sixty years, the great Henri Quatre had the honor of consummating what his predecessor had designed—and having seen the Hotel de Ville finished with the utmost beauty and expense, he caused an equestrian bas relief of himself, to be placed over the principal entrance. In the great revolution, that figure was broken, but Louis Phillippe replaced the original with a bronze statue of great beauty. In what is termed the war of the Fronde, in the time of Louis Quatorze, this building sustained great damage—and in the time of Louis Sixteenth the revolutionists in their blind fury, exhausted

a part of their rage on those sculptured walls, which on other occasions of popular tumult, have been marked out for destruction.— At length in 1801, those halls which for a series of years, had been thus rudely treated, were rescued from this ignominy, and resigned to the Prefecture of Paris, whose seat was then established within them. The Hotel de Ville was thoroughly repaired and restored, and many judicious writers on architecture, consider it the most perfect specimen of the Renaissance style now existing in Paris. Since its restoration, it has become a favorite theatre for the display of regal and political spectacles; the municipality hold here their fetes on occasions of public rejoicing: at which seasons the apartments of ceremony are always thrown open to visitors.

It was from the central window of the Salle du Trone, or Throne room, that Louis Sixteenth addressed the people with the cap of liberty on his head—it was from the same window that Louis Phillippe addressed the next generation, when Lafayette embraced him in their presence, and told them that in him, they beheld *the best of all republics*. In that very saloon, most of the political revolutions that have shaken France have been ratified, and in the open area in front, they have been carried into execution. In another of the public rooms, the monster Robespierre held his state councils, and it is in this chamber that a table stands, on which he was laid after his jaw bone had been shattered by a musket shot.

Upwards of sixty thousand volumes of standard works on general literature, constitute the valuable furniture of the public library in the Hotel de Ville. It is built in the form of a square, having four beautiful fronts of equal extent, and corresponding in style to the grand façade. In the centre is a spacious quadrangle, entered through the lofty arches in the principal front, having the apartments of the prefect on two sides, and the public offices on the others. Being detached from the surrounding buildings, and the Place de Greve thrown open uninterruptedly, the grace and beauty of the design may be seen to advantage from the river side. From thence a suspension bridge, called the Pont d'Arcole, leads to the Ile de la Cité. This bridge derives its historic name from a young man, who was killed in defending it against the royal guard in 1830. On this occasion terrific slaughter was made, and the tri-colored banner that floated from the pavilion of the Hotel de Ville, gave the first signal of success to that revolution which placed Louis Phillippe on the throne.

NEVER GIVE UP.

Words by TUPPER.

Music by G. W. C.

1. Nev - er! nev - er give up! it is wis - er and

The first system of music is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a quarter note Bb4, and a quarter note G4. The accompaniment starts with a quarter note Bb3, followed by a quarter note G3, then a quarter note F3, and a quarter note E3.

bet - ter, Al-ways to hope than once to des-

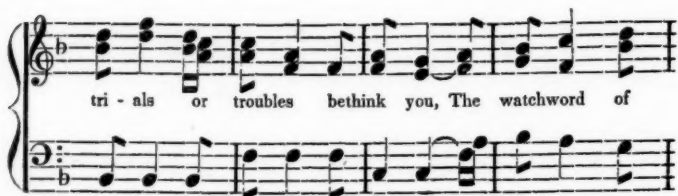
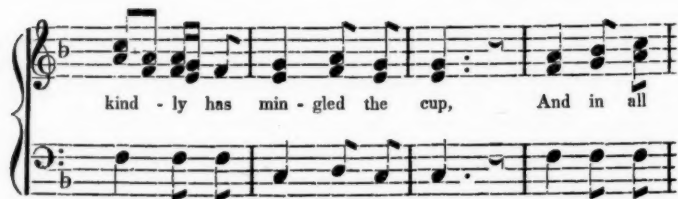
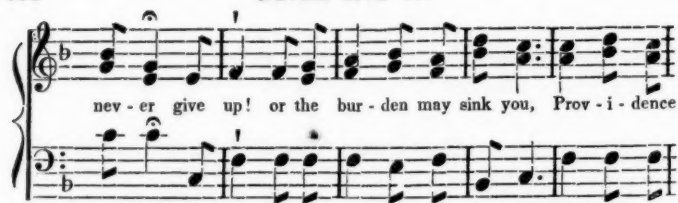
The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a quarter note Bb4, and a quarter note G4. The accompaniment starts with a quarter note Bb3, followed by a quarter note G3, then a quarter note F3, and a quarter note E3.

pair; Fling off the load of doubt's can - ker - ing fetter, And

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a quarter note Bb4, and a quarter note G4. The accompaniment starts with a quarter note Bb3, followed by a quarter note G3, then a quarter note F3, and a quarter note E3.

break the dark spell of ty - ran - nic - al care: Nev - er!

The fourth system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a quarter note Bb4, and a quarter note G4. The accompaniment starts with a quarter note Bb3, followed by a quarter note G3, then a quarter note F3, and a quarter note E3.



Never! never give up! there are chances and changes!
 Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
 And thro' the chaos, high Wisdom arranges
 Ever success—if you'll only hope on;
 Never! never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
 Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,
 And of all maxims the best as the oldest,
 Is the true watch-word of never! never give up!

Never! never give up! tho' the grape-shot may rattle,
 Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst.
 Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle
 Little shall harm you, tho' doing their worst;
 Never! never give up! if adversity presses
 Providence wisely has mingled the cup,
 And the best counsel in all your distresses
 Is the stout watch-word of never! never give up!

DR. S. B. SMITH'S TORPEDO ELECTRO-MAGNETIC MACHINES.

I obtained the Premium and Medal for the best Electro-Magnetic Machine, over all my competitors, at the Fair of the American Institute in the city of New-York, in the year 1845, which award has again been confirmed to me by the same Institute, in the years 1846 and 1847, notwithstanding the strenuous exertions of the other manufacturers in opposition to me. This Machine is called the Torpedo, inasmuch as it gives a full shock, both from the Battery and from all parts of the instrument itself, just like the Torpedo fish. This, no other Electro-Magnetic Machine does. It is put up in a neat rose-wood case, 9 inches long, 5½ wide, and 3¼ high. Some are in zebra-wood cases, same price.

The fluid imparted by the Torpedo Magnetic Machine, is the same and identical with the nervous vital fluid of the human body; hence, the astonishing cures effected by its application. The limits that are allowed me on this page, preclude my giving even a synopsis of the cures effected by it. For an extensive view of these cures, I refer any one interested in the subject, to my printed Circular, attested to under legal and solemn affirmation, before the Mayor of this city, on the 16th day of February, 1847. Any one wishing to see this Circular, can have it sent to them by mail. All letters to me on this subject, or in relation to the Machine, *invariably to be post-paid*, or they cannot be taken from the Post Office, as the letters I receive are too numerous for me to pay the postage on.

I also furnish a recipe for Electro Plating with gold and silver, and for moulding, which can be done by the Battery in a beautiful style, at a trifling expense. This operation alone is worth the price of the Machine.

AGENTS WANTED!

Post Masters, Physicians, Druggists, and Storekeepers, are respectfully solicited to act as Agents, and all those who are willing to be instrumental in relieving the Sick.

As Electro-Magnetism is now known as a most valuable agent in the curing of disease, many will wish to have the machine, if they knew where or how to procure it. Should the reader of these lines be willing to receive orders for the machines, a commission of one-fourth will be allowed; or, in other words, on the receipt of NINE DOLLARS, a Torpedo Electro-Magnetic Machine will be sent to your order. I would, therefore, propose, that those who wish to have the machine, deposit in your hands TWELVE DOLLARS, nine of which, being sent by you to me, by mail, express, or otherwise, will be promptly attended to, by my sending to your address, by express, or otherwise, as you may direct, one of my best Electro-Magnetic Machines.

As we are strangers, the money you send can be made perfectly safe, by enclosing it, if you should prefer it, to Harnden's, Wells', or Adams' Express Offices, in Wall Street, New-York, with the instruction, that they purchase the machine of me, for you, as agent, and send it on to you. This, they are continually in the practice of doing, and charge nothing for it, but the freight they get for the sending of the package to your address. The freight charged is moderate—on a single machine, for instance, from New-York to Richmond, Va., 75 cents; to Philadelphia, 25 cents; to Boston and Albany, the same; to Bangor, Me., 75 cents; to Batavia, N. Y., 50 cents, and elsewhere in proportion. On several machines the freight is considerably lower in proportion.

I furnish a Manual with each machine, with instructions how to use it, so plain that any one can do it.

Yours, respectfully,

SAMUEL B. SMITH, M.D.

Inventor and Manufacturer of the Torpedo Premium Electro-Magnetic Machine, 293 Broadway, New-York.

The following is an abridged statement of a few of the many cures effected by the Torpedo Magnetic Machine:

Desperate Case of Rheumatism!

Essex, Essex Co. Mass. Feb. 18, 1847.

"I do hereby certify, that I was grievously diseased with the Rheumatism for over eleven years. During that time my right leg became two inches shorter than the other. At the end of eleven years it became much worse, and settled in both legs and every joint in me, so that I could not stoop down and pick anything from the floor. After trying every thing that was ever thought of, I gave up all hopes of ever being any better, when I heard that W. W. Chard, of Annisquam, Mass., was doing wonders with Dr. S. B. Smith's Electro-Magnetic Machine. I determined to try once more. Accordingly, I went to his house, and put myself under his treatment, and after trying the machine ten or eleven times, I can say that I am well. If any one thinks that this is not true, let him call on me at Essex, Mass. and see for himself; or address a line to any gentleman in Essex, and learn the truth; for every one knows of the wonderful cure.

THOMAS DADE."

Deafness of Fifteen Years Cured!

The following is from Dr. Wm. Miller:

New-York, April 26, 1847.

"Dr. S. B. SMITH: Dear Sir—I will give a statement of a case which has just come under my notice. Mr. Thos. L. Rhodes, residence corner 22d-st. and 3d Avenue, contracted a deafness of both ears in 1832, from cold. He could not hear a gun fired close by him, nor the explosions from the blasting of rocks, some four hundred yards from his place of labor, unless more than a keg of powder was used at a blast. This state continued till a few

days since, when he was, with one application of the Electro-Magnetic Machine, so completely restored, that he can hear conversation in an ordinary tone when distinctly uttered. I have cured a case of

AMAUROSIS!

"John Chipman, of Hammond-st. was not able to distinguish a lighted candle at night. In the course of a few months, by applying the Machine, he was enabled to resume his trade of painting. I might mention more cases of the same kind that have been greatly benefited, but this one was a complete cure.

Wm. MILLER, 347 Broome-st. N. Y."

The following is the testimony of H. PECK:

"Complaints of Several years Standing, have been cured by a few applications of Dr. SMITH'S Torpedo Magnetic Machine. Rheumatism, Spinal Affection, Palpitation of the Heart, and Weak Eyes, have been entirely cured by it.

I have used it in my own family, and also in several other cases, and its effects upon disease has exceeded my most sanguine expectations. H. PECK."

New London, Huron co. Ohio, Dec. 10, 1846.

A Daughter of Dr. GEORGE S. WHITMAN, who was born deaf, and so continued till she was 16 years old, was restored to hearing by the use of one of these machines. Her father resides in Weedsport, Cayuga Co. New York.

OPINIONS OF CLERGYMEN.

Having examined, with some care, *The Ladies' Wreath*, edited by Mrs. S. T. Martyn, I take pleasure in expressing my confidence in its decidedly moral influence, and its adaptation to do good in the family.—I hope that its real merits, as a valuable substitute for some of the light and frivolous fashionable Magazines, together with its astonishingly low price, may procure for it an extensive circulation.

HENRY M. DEXTER.

April 22, 1848.

Pastor of Franklin-St. Cong. Church, Manchester, N. H.

We cordially unite with Rev. Mr. Dexter in the above expressed opinion and hope.

THOMAS O. LINCOLN.

Pastor First Baptist Church, Manchester, N. H.

DANIEL P. CILLEY,

Pastor of the Freewill Baptist Church, Manchester, N. H.

The Ladies' Wreath, edited by Mrs. S. T. Martyn, is the periodical which most deserves the liberal patronage of a Christian community.—It exhibits, in an attractive form, the simplicity and the power of truth, moral and religious. It asserts, and maintains with dignity, the proper influence of woman. It is admirably adapted to improve and elevate the mind and heart. And it is destined to be read with eager interest by thousands who have not yet learned the fact that such a work exists.

LUCIUS C. MATLACK.

Nashville, June 22, 1848.

The subscriber is happy in being able to say that the pledge of his first endorsement to the *Ladies' Wreath* has been fully redeemed by its worthy and indefatigable Editress—and, after two years acquaintance with this agreeable and useful periodical, takes pleasure in making a renewed expression of his high sense of its literary and moral excellence, and of the happy influence it is adapted to exert upon the taste and manners of our reading public.

Brooklyn, May 19th, 1848.

D. C. LANSING, D. D.

I have examined *The Ladies' Wreath*, published in New-York, and edited by Mrs. S. T. Martyn, with some degree of attention, and am happy to say that it is the best periodical with which I am acquainted. Its literary merit, the neatness and elegance of its execution, and above all its religious tone, are worthy of high commendation, and justly entitle it to the patronage of all the true friends of science and virtue.

JAMES W. CROSS.

West Brooklyn, June 21st, 1848.

From a cursory examination of the *Ladies' Wreath*, a periodical edited by Mrs. S. T. Martyn, I am of opinion that it is a work of decided merit, and will prove a highly acceptable and useful visitant in the families to which it may find access. The articles are generally written with excellent taste, and adapted to subserve alike the culture of the mind and the heart.

WM. B. SPRAGUE, D. D.

Albany, Sept. 1847.

Pastor of 2d Pres. Church.

We concur in the above opinion of Dr. Sprague.

WM. ADAMS, D. D.

Pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church.

ASA D. SMITH,

Pastor of the Brainerd Pres. Church.

New-York, March 30, 1848.

E. W. ANDREWS,

Pastor of 2d Pres. Church.

Troy, March 30, 1848.

I have examined with some attention the first volume of the *Ladies' Wreath*, and, so far as a cursory perusal will enable me to judge of the merits of the work, I am prepared to give it my hearty approval. The matter is composed with spirit and taste, and the embellishments are in the best style of the art. The moral tone of the work is elevated, while the themes are fascinating, and the style of composition, pleasing. I have no doubt, but Mrs. Martyn, the gifted editress, and her talented correspondents, will continue to render the *Wreath* worthy of a place in all the families in the land.

GEO. PECK, D. D.

New-York, March 30, 1848.

Editor Meth. Quarterly Review.

I am happy to state, that an acquaintance with the *Ladies' Wreath* from its commencement, enables me to express an opinion highly commendatory of its spirit and design. It is conducted with marked ability, and is eminently adapted to exert a salutary influence both upon the intellect and the heart.

S. D. BURCHARD,

New-York, March 30, 1847.

Pastor of 13th St. Pres. Church.

I have paid some attention to a periodical work, under the title of "*The Ladies' Wreath*." I am happy to commend it as a publication written with taste, and possessing a decided religious tendency.

G. SPRING, D. D.

New-York, March 30, 1848.

Pastor of Brick P- Church.

